

SEVEN JUSTICES AGAINST SAGE.

The Millionaire Ordered to Pay Laidlaw the \$40,000 Awarded Him.

An Additional Sum of \$3,000 Allowed for Counsel Fees and the Costs.

"Uncle Russell" Affects Jocularly Over the News and Says He Will Again Appeal.

LAIDLAW STILL A VERY SICK MAN.

History of the Remarkable Lawsuit Growing Out of the Dynamite Explosion Caused by Norcross—Four Trials and the End Not Yet.

The seven Justices of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, have affirmed the judgment against Russell Sage of \$40,000 damages awarded to William R. Laidlaw, the young clerk with whom Mr. Sage shook hands just as Norcross, the crank, was about to drop his black bag of dynamite in Mr. Sage's office on December 4, 1891. The court adds \$3,000 as an allowance for counsel fees and costs.

The news that he had again lost came to Mr. Sage yesterday afternoon while he was in his office at No. 71 Broadway, and those who saw him at the time say he was shocked. He went home without discussing it with his confidential clerk, or even with his lawyer, Colonel James.

But Mr. Sage is philosophic when he resolves to be. He was philosophic after dinner last night and a bit jolly, at least he affected to be. He discussed the decision in a tone of jocularly, but there was a suspicion of uneasiness about his demeanor. There was a funeral undertone to his mirth when he spoke of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, whom he said had been guilty of "chicanery." He laughed when he mentioned the victorious Laidlaw.

"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Sage. "Laidlaw! Ha! ha! Mere employe of some one else! Ha! ha! Hum! Not entitled to a cent! Outrageous! Ha! ha! If my name was John Smith and not Russell Sage, he wouldn't have got a verdict at all. Ha! ha! ha!"

It was after dinner and Mr. Sage is always pleasant after dinner. His light way of looking his misfortune in the face may have been from force of this habit. He could not seem to look upon the matter in any way other than as a huge joke.

"APPEAL! DEAR ME, YES!"

"My, my," he said, "carry it to the Court of Appeals? Dear me, yes! Ha! ha! Why just the other day I was over in Jersey and was introduced to ex-Chancellor Ward. Ha! ha! Bright man, ex-Chancellor Ward. Just the same as one of our Supreme Court Justices. Said he was glad to meet me. Said he liked to meet a rich man who would stand up for his rights. Bright man, Ward; level-headed man. Said he had watched the case with a great deal of interest. It is a travesty on justice—a travesty on justice, ha! ha! It makes any one lose faith in a trial by jury. What good is a jury in these days of Anarchistic ideas? Why, the chicanery that that man Choate resorted to in that case was outrageous. Perfectly outrageous. Ha! ha!"

While Mr. Sage was giving his views he stood in the hall of his home and fingered the change in his trousers pockets. He stood first with his back against the wall and then away from the wall. The bell rang, and a man came in who had sent in a ridiculously large bill for putting in a pane of glass in a front basement window. A maid servant interrupted Mr. Sage to say that the man was there. Mr. Sage looked at him as if he didn't see him at all, and the man bobbed and scraped obsequiously. "Tell him to wait," said Mr. Sage, sternly.

"It was all a miscarriage of justice," he resumed, "a miscarriage of justice. I will carry the case to the Court of Appeals, of course. Why, dear me, dear me! It's all because I'm Russell Sage and a rich man. Of course, we can appeal, and we will. Dear me, yes!"

MAY HAVE TO PAY, THOUGH. Here he asked abruptly if Colonel James had been seen, and when informed that Colonel James refused to talk upon the ground that he had not yet seen his client, he said, gayly: "Well, ha, ha! you can say for me that we will appeal, no doubt at all about that—not a doubt. Ha, ha!"

He fairly beamed as he bowed the reporter out, and he opened the door himself and stood there as happy as a farmer's wife who had just traded eggs for tinware.

In all probability Mr. Sage will have to pay William Laidlaw and his lawyers the sum of \$43,000. The decision of the Justices of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, handed down yesterday was written by Justice Patterson, who presided at the second and third trials of the famous case, one of which resulted in a disagreement of the jury and the other in a reversal. After examining the whole case, says the decision, which contains over 200 exceptions, covering everything said or done by Justice Ingraham at the fourth trial, not in the interest of Russell Sage, the Court expressed its unwillingness to order a fifth trial. The case, it says, is finally in condition to be passed upon as to the questions of law involved by the court of last resort.

The battling of "Uncle Russell" by Joseph H. Choate, who in summing up quoted upon one occasion the parable of Dives and Lazarus, is commented upon in the decision. Mr. Choate's lack of respect for the vigorous survivor of the bomb was vigorously objected to by Colonel James in arguing the appeal for Mr. Sage.

This decision says that if the questions of Mr. Choate had been objected to the trial Justice could have used his discretion. In view of that fact, the Court says it does not feel called upon to condemn the course of examination pursued, but merely to say that it finds no grounds for reversal in Mr. Choate's picturesque cross-examination. Mr. Choate's eyes twinkled yesterday afternoon when he read that part of the decision. He was very busy, but he found time to say:

"Well, they can take it to the Court of Appeals if they want to. They certainly have that privilege."

Mr. Choate's clerk said that he had been unusually good-natured and suave ever since hearing of the decision earlier in the day.

LAIDLAW STILL SICK. William R. Laidlaw resides with his fam-



Dan Stuart, impresario for Fitzsimmons and Maher, recently announced that he had discovered an island over which no country had jurisdiction.

JOHN BULL IS IT POSSIBLE I'VE MISSED ANYTHING?

ly at No. 72 West Ninety-third street. He is still a sick man and spent most of last evening with his physician. He was suffering and was not inclined to discuss the case.

"Of course, I am glad that the upper court has sustained me," he said. "The decision did not surprise me in the least, for I do not see how it could have been other than it is. I do not know whether an appeal will be taken, and I am not prepared to say anything now about my future."

Miss Harriett Laidlaw, sister of the plaintiff in the famous suit, lives in the family homestead, at No. 141 West Twenty-second street. She said last evening that they were all, naturally, pleased at the result of the case, though they had anticipated the decision.

At both No. 407 West Fifty-first street and No. 105 West Sixty-second street, where Mr. Laidlaw formerly resided and has many friends, there was much rejoicing when it became known that the appellate judges had sustained the decision of the lower court.

Ex-Judge Noah Davis, who, with Mr. Choate, was counsel for Laidlaw, said last evening that there was no doubt about Mr. Sage taking an appeal.

"He has the legal right to do so, if he desires," said Judge Davis, "and he has frequently stated that he would appeal the case to the highest court in the land before he would pay. If he does appeal, it will only be for the purpose of delay. We have no fear that the Court of Appeals will disturb the decision as it now stands. It practically only passes on questions of law and no questions of fact, and there are no legal points on which another appeal can be substantially based."

WOULD HAVE KILLED SAGE.

"If Mr. Sage did use Mr. Laidlaw as a shield to save himself, as Mr. Laidlaw alleges, and I have no doubt that he did, he should send a check for the amount of the verdict willingly, for if he had received the injuries Mr. Laidlaw did he would not be living now. The opinion handed down to-day is as able an opinion as I have ever read. It shows that Judge Patterson carefully and conscientiously went over every detail of the case."

"Mr. Sage has a certain time in which to appeal—I forget just how long—but if he does not take it we will enter judgment and have an execution issued and placed in the hands of the Sheriff, when Mr. Sage will probably send over a check. We feared at one time that he might die before a verdict was reached, in which case the cause of action would have died with him, but now his death would not affect the payment of the amount in the least."

"Mr. Laidlaw was in our office shortly after the decision was rendered to-day. He was naturally very much elated. He is a very sick man, in fact, a physical wreck, and has been unable to earn a dollar since he received his injuries. He tried insurance business, but was compelled to abandon it on account of his impaired health."

HIS WHOLE LIFE WRECKED.

"Before his injuries he had an income of about \$2,500 and a happy home. His home was broken up and his income ceased in consequence of his injuries. He was practically destitute, being unable to earn a living. Of course, he has been to an expense over the case, but after everything has been paid he will have sufficient to live on comfortably for the rest of his days. If the case is appealed we will do our best to push it forward as rapidly as possible, for we want to see justice done to Mr. Laidlaw, and justice is slow, especially when it hinges to a great extent on a Mr. Sage writing a check for a round sum."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The Laidlaw case has been in many respects the most remarkable and certainly the most bitterly fought of any in the recent history of New York jurisprudence.

Because of the prominence of Russell Sage, the counsel on both sides, and the conspicuous character of the crime that caused Laidlaw's injuries, interest in it has been intense. Mr. Sage publicly announced after the suit was brought for \$50,000 damages that he would spend his whole fortune in fighting it, if need be.

Laidlaw was a clerk in the office of John H. Bloodgood, the broker, and he happened to be in Sage's office when Norcross, the Boston crank, entered with a black bag containing dynamite, demanding \$12,000,000 of "Uncle Russell." Sage parleyed with the crank, who said he had dynamite enough to blow up the entire building. Then Mr. Sage seemed to be unusually glad to see Mr. Laidlaw, whom he had never noticed on other visits. He had to stop talking with Norcross to shake hands with Laidlaw, whom he interposed between himself and Norcross.

The latter dropped the bag and killed himself. Laidlaw was blown across the room and found unconscious and bleeding from a score of wounds. Mr. Sage was practically unharmed, and in spite of his threescore and ten years he suffered so little from shock that he was able to be at his office within a very few days.

Laidlaw's first suit was thrown out of court because it was claimed he had not proved his case. A second trial was instituted, in which Laidlaw claimed \$50,000. He was awarded \$25,000 damages. The General Term of the Supreme Court reversed the decision because of errors in the Justice's charge to the jury. Laidlaw's attorneys obtained a new trial.

The third trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. The fourth and last trial began last June. After being out a trifle over an hour, the jury returned a verdict of \$40,000 damages and costs.

The present decision is on the appeal from that verdict.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to estimate exactly how much the litigation has so far cost Mr. Sage, but the amount is certainly far in excess of the \$50,000 Laidlaw originally sued for.

Colonel James late last night saw Mr. Sage, and after a long talk with his client said that Mr. Sage was by no means vanquished. "Mr. Sage," he said, "is not the sort of a man to give in when he believes he is in the right, as he certainly is in this matter. Certainly he will appeal. I am confident our cause is a just one, and we are by no means discouraged. There is absolutely no doubt of our right to appeal."

John Bloodgood, Laidlaw's former employer said: "I am extremely gratified that the case has been decided in his favor. He has certainly won it fairly and completely, and if Mr. Sage carries it to the Court of Appeals the judgment will, I am confident, be sustained."

Hammerstein Has Another Hearing. Magistrate Kudlich granted another private hearing yesterday in the Judge's room in Yorkville Court in the case of Oscar Hammerstein and his two uncles, who were arrested on Washington's Birthday last, charged with interfering with Fireman Frederick J. Rothenhauser and with the crowding of the aisles in the Olympia.

Fireman Rothenhauser was the only witness examined at the hearing of the matter. Frederick B. House, counsel for Hammerstein, moved to dismiss the case on the ground that there was no willfulness. Both lawyers said they would present briefs and Magistrate Kudlich announced that he would give another hearing in the Harlem Court next Friday afternoon.

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COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

Secret Service Agents Gather in the Members of a Dangerous Gang.

The Entire Plant Necessary for Making the Window Bill of 1891 Secured.

City and Suburbs Flooded with Dangerously Well-Executed \$2 Notes.

HOBOKEN FURNISHED THE FIRST CLUE

The Mystery of Young Charles Pechin and His Lithographing Company Explained—His Family Strangers to the Neighbors.

United States Secret Service officers, under the direction of George R. Bagge, yesterday arrested in this city a gang of men and women who have been engaged for some time in the manufacture and dissemination of bogus \$2 bills. Two of the men were captured while working on the counterfeiters, and the entire plant was seized. In addition, the Chief of Police of Hoboken, working upon evidence furnished by Chief Hazen, of the Secret Service, arrested a man and woman who have been victimizing small tradesmen in New Jersey by means of the output of the plant in this city.

The men arrested in New York are Charles Pechin, age twenty-three, a native of France, who resided at No. 133 Clinton place; Morris Goldstein, age twenty-two, an Englishman, living at No. 37 Cannon street; Charles Murray, age thirty-five, American, of No. 610 West Broadway; Joseph Woelke, aged twenty-four, an Austrian, of No. 64 Avenue B, and Lizzie Munroe, aged thirty-eight, of No. 159 Waverley place.

For some time it has been known that the remarkably well executed counterfeit two-dollar bills of the series of 1891, which bear the vignette of William Winch, and the signatures of Secretary D. M. Morgan and Register Tillman, have been in circulation. The admirable manner in which the spurious bills were executed made them extremely easy to foist upon the public, and the whole efforts of the local Secret Service department were concentrated upon an endeavor to trace their source.

The first arrest was made in consequence of an attempt to victimize Max Charles, a small confectionary store keeper on Sixth street and Willow avenue, Hoboken, on Monday evening. A young man, and an elderly woman bought some small article of the store keeper, and paid with a two-dollar bill, which after they had left the store was found to be bogus. The store keeper ran out and followed the pair, until Patrolman David Walsh came in view, when he caused their arrest. No bad money was found on them, but the man who carried a loaded bull dog revolver, and the woman, who said she was Mrs. Henrietta Baitman, of No. 1805 Second avenue, New York, were locked up in the Second Precinct Station, an afterward removed by the Secret Service agents to the Oak Street Station, New York.

THE FIRST RAID. Active work was at once commenced, with a view to securing the whole gang, and as the result of energetic investigations about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a raid

was made by Secret Service Agents Enquirel and T. P. Flynn upon the premises No. 159 Waverley place. Here Charles Murray and Lizzie Munroe were gathered in and taken to the Oak Street Station.

An hour later, armed with evidence found in the woman's room, officers under the command of Agent Owen Owens proceeded to No. 28 Clinton place and demanded admittance to the front rooms of the fourth floor. Their entrance was firmly disputed by a young man who appeared to be on guard, but, breaking past him, a rush was made up the rickety stairs, and on bursting open a door Charles Pechin and Morris Goldstein were found, surrounded by a complete plant, including the famous \$2 Window plate, presses, bill paper in various stages of manufacture, proofs of the red seal used on the bills, and every conceivable apparatus for the manufacture of the clever counterfeiters.

The men were hard at work in their shirt sleeves, in the actual and indisputable employment of literally "making money." They made no resistance, and it was obviously absurd to offer explanation or excuse. They were fairly caught in the act.

The prisoners were taken to Oak Street Station, and a few minutes after their arrival another supposed member of the gang named Joseph Woelke, who also claimed to be a photographer, was arrested as he was entering his house, No. 64 Avenue B. He is an Austrian by birth and is aged twenty-four years. His arrest was also due to Agent Owen.

Soon after their arrest the prisoners were taken over to the Secret Service office, in the Federal building, and interrogated. Each one of the conspirators claimed to be totally ignorant of the others, and although little could be learned of the evidence to connect all with the Clinton place bogus money factory, it is believed that there is the strongest evidence against even those who were not actually caught at work.

SUSPICIONS AROUSED.

The Secret Service people have for some time been suspicious of the Metropolitan Photographic and Lithographing Company, as Pechin's place, on Clinton place, was called, and are elated at having run him to earth and at last secured the plates of a counterfeit bill which has given more trouble of late than any bad currency now being issued.

Many thousands of dollars, it is said, have been issued from those plates, and the bills were of such an extremely clever character and of such accurate workmanship that their circulation was a comparatively easy matter.

Pechin lives with his family in apartments on the top floor of the Percival Flats, No. 133 Clinton place. They have been living in these apartments for the last eight or nine years, but they are still strangers to their fellow tenants. There are four in the family. Grandmother Pechin, a very old woman with hair as white as milk, a skin as yellow as aged parchment; young Pechin's father is a big-boned man with a tremendous girth. His wife is a thin, slender, little woman, with big black eyes.

The other tenants say that during the last six years neither man nor woman has been made welcome by any member of the Pechin family. Neighbors have climbed the crooked stairway and knocked at the Pechin door, but their knocks were never answered. Those who live on the floor below say that they have often heard persons moving about in the Pechin flat during the night, and the caretaker of the Percival Flats says that a light is always burning at night on that floor. All this mystery made the Pechins unpopular, but as they always paid their rent on the first day of every month and never asked the landlord for any favors, he considered it folly to disturb them.

THE "COMPANY" APPEARS. Six months ago Charles Pechin placed a big mail box on the street door. The front of this box was adorned with this sign:

"C. A. Pechin, Manager Metropolitan Photo-Engraving Company."

Observant neighbors say that at least half a dozen letters were deposited in the aforesaid mail box every day. One day last week one of the tenants met Charles on the stairs and said to him:

"How's the engraving business?" The young fellow's face reddened and his voice trembled as he answered:

"Oh, it's all right; that is, as long as the house doesn't burn up."

Four days ago young Pechin came out of the "Percival," carrying a travelling bag, and that at the last time he was seen in the neighborhood.

The "Percival Flats" are owned by W. Percival, proprietor of a meat shop at No. 100 Sixth avenue. His manager said last night that comparatively little was known of the Pechins.

"I know," he said, "that the old lady always comes in and pays the rent when it is due, and that's about all I do know. I thought young Charles was a lithographer. I know he did a little job for us not long ago. It was simply making a 'cut' for our labels. He made a bad job of it, and between ourselves I don't think he is clever enough to counterfeit anything."

HIS COMMISSION DID WORK.

How Lord Salisbury Managed to Get Information About Venezuela Boundaries.

By Julian Ralph.

London, March 6.—Everybody is awaiting eagerly the publication of the blue book on Venezuela, but save the matter telegraphed Thursday nothing definite is known about it. The Chronicle, however, contains the following interesting statement: "It may be interesting to know how the blue book on the Venezuela boundaries was drawn up. Lord Salisbury considered that the importance of the question demanded a departmental committee. This body sat privately in the Colonial office for many days during the last month. Sir Thomas Sanderson, chief permanent under-secretary for foreign affairs, was the principal member. He was assisted by Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. C. L. Alexander Harris. The Earl's unique knowledge of the subject gave him a large place in the committee's deliberations. There were two other members whose names are withheld.

"At an early stage of the proceedings the Colonial office sent an official to The Hague, where he had every facility for examining documents, and the Foreign office sent an officer to Spain, where the archives of the Spanish capital were open to him. The committee sometimes sat twelve hours a day."

CIGARMAKERS ON A STRIKE.

They Resisted an Attempt to Reduce Their Wages.

Strikes of tenement house cigarmakers employed by two large firms in the Bohemian district against reduction of wages took place yesterday, and are likely to be followed by others. About 600 cigarmakers, men and women, are out now, and by Monday it is expected that 3,000 will be out.

The first strike took place yesterday morning in a flat tenement at No. 341 East Seventy-third street, where Rosenthal Brothers had a number of cigarmakers at work. The strikers say that a foreman, or superintendent, came to them and said that as the company had to put more travelers on the road, wages would have to be reduced. He then asked them, they claim, to send a committee to the firm to say that they would work at a reduction of wages of seventy-five cents a thousand.

They refused and then went on strike. The second strike took place at two tenements on East Sixty-third street, between First and Second avenues, where Landauer & Klein employed a large force of cigarmakers. A reduction of wages was proposed and a general strike followed.

DRANK THE MILK AND BECAME ILL.

Mrs. Moskowitz's Two Grandchildren Alleged to Have Been Poisoned.

The Old Woman Complains to the Police That Her Husband Attempted Her Life.

THEIR HOME A VERY UNHAPPY ONE.

After the Theatre Thursday Night the Family Had Tea, but Only the Young Folks Drank It—The Old Man Has Left Home.

Sophie Reiter, a pretty Jewess, of sixteen, and Samuel Moskowitz, a school boy of twelve years, were made deathly sick early yesterday morning by drinking poisoned milk in the parlors of their grandmother, Mrs. Harris Moskowitz, on the third floor of the tenement No. 75 Forsyth street. Last night the police of the Eldridge Street Station started out to find their grandfather, Harris Moskowitz, who is charged by his wife with having put the poison in the milk.

The attempt to poison her, Mrs. Moskowitz said last night, is the sequel to the unhappy life she and her husband have been leading. Once she found him, she says, in the act of putting paria green in the water pitcher, and later she found some in milk.

POISONED WITH THEIR TEA. Last Thursday night Mrs. Moskowitz and her grandchildren, Sophie and Samuel, returned from the Windsor Theatre, on the Bowery, and before retiring sat down to a light lunch, of which tea formed a part. Sophie brought the milk pitcher from the window sill and poured some of it into Samuel's cup and her own.

As soon as the proposition was made to drink tea the old man, who sat on a lounge, declined a cup, went to his room and retired. Sophie and Samuel and Samuel complained that the tea tasted bitter, and Mrs. Moskowitz concluded not to drink any. During the night the children were taken deathly sick and vomited freely. Mrs. Moskowitz provided some household remedy, but the grandchildren continued to complain all night. Sophie could not go to her work yesterday morning, but Samuel went to school, and there he again became sick and went to the home of his parents, No. 140 Suffolk street.

Old Mr. Moskowitz left the house early yesterday morning, and when Mrs. Moskowitz then examined the contents of the pitcher she made the discovery, she says, that it contained paria green. She and her son, Samuel, the boy's father and Sophie went to the Eldridge Street Station last night and complained that the grandfather had poisoned the milk. He has not yet been arrested.

RICH AND IRASCIBLE.

The old man is a pedler of books and envelopes and is credited with having accumulated a snug fortune. His wife says he is miserly and cruel and tired of her. Two years ago he was forced to support her, and she was compelled to appeal to the courts to compel him to contribute toward her support.

The children were sent to Gouverneur Hospital yesterday, but it was not found necessary to detain them, as the danger was past. The pitcher and the milk are in the possession of the Eldridge street police and will be analyzed to-day.

ENGLAND'S Ponderous CLAIM.

Five and a Half Pounds of "Blue Book" Explain Her Case Against Venezuela.

By Julian Ralph. London, March 6.—The Venezuela "blue book," weighing five and a half pounds, has at last appeared. It justifies the summary I sent two days ago, and is simply an over-dose of the English argument.

It holds that Great Britain can clearly establish the following facts:

That prior to 1590 the Dutch had established themselves on the coast of Guiana. That prior to 1590 the Spaniards had established no settlements in Guiana. That by 1648 the Dutch settlements in Guiana extended along the coast the whole way from the mouth of the Berbice and inland to various points in the interior upon the rivers Essequibo, Cuyuni, Pomeroon, Waini and Barima, and their tributaries.

That up to 1723 the only settlement of Spaniards in Guiana was San Thomas de Guayana, on the south bank of the Orinoco, originally founded in 1595, at a site shown on a sketch map. That between 1723 and 1796 the only additional settlements founded by Spaniards in Guiana were those established by the Capuchin Missions south of the Orinoco, in the direction of the River Yurari, and two villages on the upper Orinoco, several hundred miles from the coast.

That Dutch occupation to the extent above indicated was perfectly well known in Spain, and that the attempts of the Spanish to dispossess the Dutch had wholly failed.

That subsequently to 1796 Great Britain has continuously remained in possession and her subjects have occupied further portions of the territory to which the Dutch established their title. The Blue Book proper ends with a summing up of the British case, which states that the claims of Venezuela that her territory extends to the Essequibo River has been based upon contentions in no way supported by facts, and cannot be justified on any reasonable ground. The foregoing statement and the authorities contained in the documents annexed establish, if the matter is treated as one of strict right, the fact that Great Britain as the successor to the Dutch is entitled to the territory extending to Barima, including the watersheds of all rivers south of the Orinoco which flow into the Atlantic.

To Exhibit City Hall Plans.

The annual exhibition by the Architectural League in West Fifty-seventh street, which was opened a month ago, will close to-night. The most interesting feature of the whole month will be the exhibition to-day for the first time of the prize plans for a new City Hall for New York, which plans have been locked up in the Comptroller's office for two years awaiting the awarding of the prize.

PIERCE'S

FAVORITE

RESCRIPTION

FOR WEAK WOMEN.